April 16th 1909

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

My Violet,

The Quaker died on Wednesday night. I heard this morning. I suppose it was much best that she should die— but it seems rather melancholy now. She was so remote. I get sick of life too. We didn't go to St. Malo after all: it suddenly occurred to us both that we could

afford something more Exciting.
Adrian went off to Venice
this morning. I shall
wait till the 23rd & go to
Florence, with Rena, which will
be Divine.

How are you? Don't
bother to write.
You were very Exquisite
the other night. & I enthuse
over very Egoistical.
Perhaps I shall see you
again! anyhow, I have
your address.

Yrs WS.

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

1909

My Violet,

I found that Sophie was hoarding a parcel, with a great variety of things in it. My book & my knocker are both very charming; your power of finding present is remarkable. It is the result of a generous nature, which

never forget, but buys in
June, if it sees something;
whereas all my presents are
bought at Christmas Eve,
& never fit. Yours, by
the way, is for New Year.

NYPL

Will you come to tea
with me? — when? —
Dont drop me, as many
Sheepshanks Saga. These
new Years are dreadful
trials. Isn't it creditable
that we still — have
Some affection!

Yr VS.

T

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

My Violet,

I am dining out,
unfortunately - I wish
I could come. -
insist upon my merits
as a friend.
However, perhaps you'll
ask me again.

Yours.

49 - 19 - 11
49 - 19 - 11

99 · 19 · 10

1904.
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T

April 14. 1909

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

My Violet,

I was sorry I couldn't
come the other day.
Will you ask me – a few
Miss Dodges to ask me –
(not necessarily to a meat meal)
Some time before the 23rd.
Unless you ought to see no one.
I have been attending the Lankers
Cremation today; a dreary business.
Leah came home to lunch, in
Dorothea; they wept a good
Curious anecdotes all the afternoon,

& at one point Leah & I felt on
Each other necks— a Experience
nerve to be repeated, I suppose.
There was something very Gloomy
in the picture of dying alone
with Leah to sustain one.
"She called me Beatrice" said
Leah—

Look out in the Times
for an article upon the
Opera. I had a visit from
Bruce Richmond the
other day. We had a
Strange tea party, & talked
Shop. I hope to write
an occasional Essay.
Take care of yourself.

V W.

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

April 14 1909

My Violet;

I cant dine, but might
I come to tea tomorrow?

5.

Please dont dwell upon
my exaggerated account of
love; as a matter of fact
I am a woman with
very little sexual charm.
Warming to the task, I paint
myself as irresistible.
The ashes do go to a
Quaker cemetery - It was
very chill at Golders Green -
I have been describing her - in the
Guardian!

Yours
W.